

THE WINNING CANDIDATE

In this community there is a party which never requires a convention to select their candidate. Year after year the same standard-bearer is the unanimous choice of all the members regardless of their political faith.

It is the "Party of Good Dressers."

Let us take your measure for your new Spring Suit or Overcoat. Let us make you eligible for membership in the "Party of Good Dressers," whose members always win, whether in politics or business.

We are showing nearly 500 new weaves and colorings in the Spring Suitings, Top Coatings and Trousers. Classy novelties from the great House of Hobberlain, of distinctive patterns and exclusive designs. All the latest and most popular shades and weaves to be worn this season.

SUITS FROM \$20.00 UP

We are Sole Agents for Hobberlain Tailoring

J. V. BERSCHT

WE ARE STILL HERE

and expect to remain here

We have got the Goods here, and can SELL them CHEAP.

Must get rid of them or we'll have to go to gaol

Never mind what the other fellow says but come in and find out the prices.

FISH! FISH! FISH!
All Kinds, Cheap

CITY MEAT MARKET

JONES BROS. & TEARE, Proprietors



PORK

FOR PRICES ON LIVE STOCK

PHONE N. WEICKER

When in town call in and see me at my office at Bean's east side of track. I will take delivery of hogs every Monday at top-market price, and fat cattle we take any day of the week at their market value.

Office Phone 85. Residence 17

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Bank by Mail and Save Long Drives

Mail us the cheques or cash you receive, with your Pass-book, which we will return with the Deposit credited. Then you can pay your bills by cheques, which we will honor, or if you want the cash yourself, send us a cheque in your own favor and we will forward the money by return mail.

Drop in and talk to the Manager about it.

DIDSBURY BRANCH

T. W. Cuncannon, Manager
Carstairs Branch—W. A. Stewart, Mgr.

CARETAKER WANTED

Sealed tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned for the position of caretaker of the Didsbury public school building. Tenders must be in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer not later than Friday, February 20th, 1914. Duties to commence on March 1st.

J. M. REED,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Didsbury School Board.

AROUND THE TOWN

Saturday next is St. Valentine's day.

See our business local column for some good bargains.

I. N. Kaufman is holding a private sale of household furniture at his residence preparatory to leaving Didsbury.

A temporary store building is being erected on a lot owned by J. E. Liesemer on Shantz Ave. by E. Morrison for the firm of Studer & Co. who find their present location altogether too small.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Perrin returned from their visit to Ontario on Monday. Mrs. John Smith, of Hanover, Ont., mother of Mrs. Perrin, returned with them for a visit here.

The special meetings in the Evangelical church are still going on. Attendance and interest are good. Rev. W. A. Tait of Red Deer is giving able assistance through this week. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hill leave this week for Tilley, Alta., where they will reside for the future. Mr. Hill, who has acted as foreman for Mr. Chris Nohren for some years, will take charge of some of Mr. Nohren's railroad contracts near Tilley.

Divine service will be held next Lord's Day in the Baptist church at 7.30 p.m. Rev. W. G. Asher will speak. Subject: "The Touch of Jesus." A midweek service will be held on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

The Golden West Hotel Co. were allowed to open up their bar on the old property by the license department on Friday last. This is the first time since the fire that the thirsty ones have had a chance to fill up, but so far they have been very quiet.

Following are the names of the officers of the I.O.O.F. for this term: J.P.G., F. Kaufman; N. G., J. Sinclair; V. G., Dr. W. G. Moore; Secretary, S. R. Wood; Treasurer, D. Mackie. Through the loss of the lodge rooms by fire the places of the minor officers have not been filled as yet.

A new butcher shop has been opened in town, the proprietors of which are Alex Swelm and Geo. Mortimer. Their store is located in the building next to W.G. Liesemer's hardware store. Both are young men well known and liked in the community and should make a success of their undertaking.

Rev. L. P. Amacher, B. A., pastor of Medicine Hat Evangelical church who had charge of the revival campaign in the Evangelical church here during the past two weeks, and who was accompanied by Miss Beatrice Fisher (niece of Mrs. Daum), left for their home last Friday morning.

ATLAS LUMBER CO. LTD.

All Kinds of Building Material
(Prices Right.)

Hardwood in Stock.

GALT COAL Hard Coal and Bricketts
Burns All Night always on hand

W. H. Stark, - - Mgr.

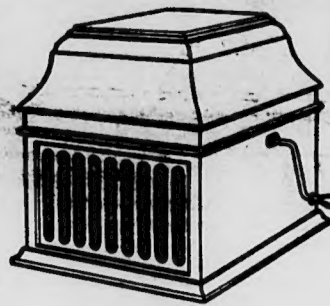
We are now located in the

G. S. Way Restaurant

Building, Osler Street, Opposite Fire Hall

with a full stock of Drugs, Stationery, Etc.

H. W. CHAMBERS, Druggist and Stationer



Notice of Importance

To those who need and those who will need a baby carriage or collapsible go carts, should call and see our

New Line of Carriages - - - and Carts
which has just arrived.

We take old sewing machines and phonographs in exchange for new ones

We carry a stock of

Late Edison and Columbia Records

Remember we give a souvenir with a 25c Purchase or more every Saturday

STOKES & GAMBLE

FOR: SALE

FULL RANGE OF

Household Furniture

For Sale by Private Sale

Call any time and see the goods at I.N. Kaufman's residence, Hiebert's house. Would like to sell at once as I am leaving town.

I. N. KAUFMAN

HARNESS AND SADDLERY BUSINESS

BECAUSE I KNOW THAT I CAN PLEASE YOU

Complete line of every day needs at reasonable prices

HARNESS AND SHOE REPAIRING

THE DIDSBURY HARNESS STORE

J. M. HYSMITH

I WANT YOUR

THE WINDOW AT THE
WHITE CAT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

(Copyright)

(Continued)

Clarkson, I exclaimed. How is he? God only knows, said Burton gravely, from which I took it Clarkson was dead.

Burton listened while he ate and his cheerful comments were welcome enough after the depression of the last few days. I told him, after some hesitation, the whole thing, beginning with the Matland pearls and ending with my drop down the dumbwaiter. I knew I was absolutely safe in doing so. There is no person to whom I would rather tell a secret than a news-paper man. He will go out of his way to keep it. He will lock it up in the depths of his bosom and keep it until seventy times seven. Also, you may threaten the rack or offer a larger salary, the seal does not come off his lips until the word is given. If then he makes a scarehead of it, and gets in three columns of space and as many photographs, it is his just reward.

Burton ate enough breakfast for two men and missed not a word.

The money Wardrop had in the grip—that's easy enough explained, he said. Fleming used the Borough bank to deposit state funds in. He must have known it was rotten; he and Clarkson were as thick as thieves. According to a time honored custom in our land of the brave and home of the free a state treasurer who is crooked, can, in such a case, draw on such a bank without security on his personal note, which usually is worth its value by the pound as old paper.

And Fleming did that.

He did. Then things got bad at the Borough bank. Fleming had had to divide with Schwartz and the Lord only knows who else, but it was Fleming who had to put in the money to avert a crash, the word crash being synonymous with scandal in this case. He scrapes together a paltry hundred thousand, which Wardrop gets at the capital and brings on. Wardrop is robbed, or says he is; the bank collapses and Clarkson, driven to the wall, kills himself just after Fleming is murdered. What does that sound like?

Like Clarkson! I exclaimed. And Clarkson knew Fleming was hiding at the White Cat!

Now, then, take the other theory, he said, pushing aside his cup. Wardrop goes in to Fleming with a story that he has been robbed; Fleming gets crazy and attacks him. All that is in the morning—Friday. Now, then, Wardrop gets back there that night. Within twenty minutes after he enters the club he rushes out, and when Hunter follows him he says he is looking for a doctor to get cocaine for a gentleman upstairs. He is white and trembling. They go back together and find you there and Fleming dead. Wardrop tells two stories. First he says Fleming committed suicide just before he left. Then he changes it and says he was dead when he arrived there. He produces the

BABY ALL COVERED
WITH ECZEMA

Could Not Sleep Day or Night.
Itched and Burned Terribly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in a Month. Also Cured Mother of Salt Rheum.

Quarryville, N. B.—"For a month after my baby was born he could not sleep day or night with eczema. He was all covered with small watery pimples which would break in a day or two and leave a hummocky scab and would itch and burn terribly. He scratched so much that he made sores. His skin burned all the time and when the scab came off it left little marks like chicken-pox. At last I saw Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised. After the first application he rested easier. I applied the Cuticura Ointment lightly and after an hour I would wash him with Cuticura Soap. After a month's treatment he was cured."

"I was greatly troubled with salt rheum on my hands. They broke out in little watery pimples and would be so itchy I could tear them to pieces. Then they would dry up and crack and bleed and when I put them in water the disease would eat in to the bones. They were so painful I had to keep them tied up with cotton rags. I could not do any work. One box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap cured them." (Signed) Mrs. Gratian, July 31, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

W. N. U. 982

ZAM-BUK

MRS. A. SAICH, of Cannington Manor, Sask., Writes:—"My brother suffered severely from eczema. The sores were very extensive, and burned like coals into his flesh. Zam-Buk took out all the fire, and quickly gave him ease. Within three weeks of commencing with Zam-Buk treatment, every sore had been cured."

This is but one of the many letters we are constantly receiving from people who have proved the healing powers of Zam-Buk. For eczema, piles, sores, burns, cuts and all skin troubles there is nothing like this wonderful balm. No skin disease should be considered incurable until Zam-Buk has been tried.

All Druggists, 50c. per Box.
Refuse Substitutes.

ECZEMA

weapon with which Fleming is supposed to have killed himself and which by the way, Miss Fleming identified yesterday as her father's. But there are two disconcerting details. Wardrop practically admitted that he had taken that revolver from Fleming, not that night, but the morning before during the ing the quarrel.

And the other discrepancy? The bullet. Nobody ever fired a 32 bullet out of a 38 caliber revolver unless he was trying to shoot a double compound curve. Now, then, who does it look like?

Like Wardrop, I confessed. By Jove, they didn't both do it.

And he didn't do it himself for two good reasons; he had no revolver that night and there were no powder marks.

And the eleven twenty-two. And Miss Matland's disappearance?

He looked at me with his quizzical smile.

I'll have to have another steak if I'm to solve that, he said. I can only solve one murder on one steak. But disappearances are my specialty, perhaps. If I have a piece of pie and some cheese—

But I got him away at last, and we walked together down the street.

I can't see he old lady in it, he confessed.

Burton, who do you think was in the Fleming house last night? I said.

Lightfoot, he said succinctly.

He stopped under a street lamp and looked at his watch.

I believe I'll run over to the capital tonight. While I'm gone—I'll be back tomorrow night or the next morning—I wish you would find Rosie O'Grady or whatever her name is, and locate Carter. That's probably not his name, but it will answer for a while.

Then get your friend Hunter to keep him in sight for a while until I come back, anyhow I'm beginning to enjoy this. We are going to make the police department look like a kindergarten playing jackstraws.

And go to Bellwood and find out a few things, he added. It's all well enough to say the old lady was a meek and timid person, but if you want to know her peculiarities go to her neighbors.

We separated at the station. Burton off to Plattsburg, I to take a taxicab and armed with a page torn from the classified directory to inquire at as many of the twelve Anderson's drug stores as might be necessary to locate Della's gentleman friend, the clerk, through him Della and through Della the mysterious Carter.

I had checked off eight of the Andersons on my list without result, and the taximeter showed something over \$19 when the driver drew up at the curb.

Gentleman in the other cab is hailing you, sir—the one that's been following us.

A duplicate of my cab stood perhaps fifty feet behind, and from it a familiar figure was slowly emerging. The figure stopped to read the taximeter, shook his fist at the chauffeur and approached me. It was Davidson.

That liar and thief back there has got me run up for \$19, he said, ignoring my amazement. Nineteen dollars and forty cents!

He surveyed my expense account at the driver's elbow, then hit the meter a smart slap, but the figures did not change.

Nineteen dollars! he repeated, dazed. Nineteen dollars and look here, he called to his driver, it's only 30 cents here. Your clock's 10 cents fast.

He borrowed \$8 and crawled in with me.

The next address on the list is the right one, he said. I am going to tell you something. There were eleven roundmen as well as the sergeant who heard me read the note I found at the Fleming house that night. You may have counted them through the window. A dozen plain clothes men read it before morning. When the news of Mr. Fleming's murder—death

came out I thought this fellow Carter might know something, and I trailed Della through this Mamie Brennan. When I got there I found Tom Branigan and four other detectives sitting in the parlor and Miss Della in a blue silk waist making eyes at every mother's son of them.

I laughed in spite of my disappointment. Davidson closed the window at the driver's back.

Understand me, Mr. Knox, he said. Mr. Fleming killed himself. You and I are agreed on that. Even if you aren't just convinced of it I'm telling you, and—better let it drop, sir. Under his quiet manner I felt a threat. I served to rouse me.

I'll let it drop when I'm through with it, I asserted and got out my list of addresses.

You'll let it drop because it's too hot to hold, he retorted, with the suspicion of a smile. If you are determined to know about Carter I can tell you everything that is necessary.

The chauffeur stopped his engine with an exasperated jerk and settled down in his seat, every line of his back bristling with irritation.

I prefer learning from Carter himself.

He leaned back in his seat and produced an apple from the pocket of his coat.

You will have to go some, Carter left some to do it, son, he said. Carter left for parts unknown last night, taking with him enough money to keep him in comfort for some little time.

Until all this blows over, I said bitterly.

The trip was for the benefit of his health. He has been suffering and still is suffering from a curious lapse of memory. Davidson smiled at me engagingly. He has entirely forgotten everything that occurred from the time he entered Mr. Fleming's employment until that gentleman left home. I doubt if he will ever recover.

(To be Continued.)

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh
that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Catarrh Cure for Catarrh.

Heard at the Club

Young Hardupp says his grandfather was one of the first settlers. Not inherited, evidently; Hardupp never settles.

Oh! exclaimed the little girl to the new nurse, must I sleep in the dark to-night?

Yes, Miss, replied the nurse.

Then wait a minute, said the little girl; I'll get up and say my prayers more carefully.

An Expensive Library

Robert Ingersoll was famous for the library of infidel books which he possessed.

One day a reporter called on Mr. Ingersoll for an interview, and among other questions asked was:

Would you mind telling me how much your library cost you, Mr. Ingersoll?

Looking over at his shelves he answered:

Well, my boy, these books cost me anyhow the Governorship of Illinois, and perhaps the Presidency of the United States.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Interesting

Oh, he's delightful company! I just love to hear him talk.

What does he talk about?

Me.

SKIN CLEANSING

By Simple Change in Food

It has been said by a physician that most diseases are the result of indigestion.

There's undoubtedly much truth in the statement, even to the cause of many unsightly eruptions, which many suppose can be removed by applying some remedy on the outside.

By changing or food a Western girl was relieved of an eczema which was a great annoyance to her. She writes:

"For five months I was suffering with an eruption on my face and hands which our doctor called eczema and which caused me a great deal of inconvenience. The suffering was almost unbearable.

"The medicine I took only gave me temporary relief. One day I happened to read somewhere that eczema was caused by indigestion. Then I read that many persons had been relieved of indigestion by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I decided to try it. I liked the taste of the food and was particularly pleased to notice that my digestion was improving and that the eruption was disappearing. If by magic, I had at last found, in this grape food, something that reached my trouble.

"When I find a victim of this affliction I remember my own former suffering and advise a trial of Grape-Nuts food instead of medicines."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkg. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of humor.

Interest.

FOR A BRIGHT AND
CHEERFUL KITCHEN

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH
A PASTE NO WASTE
NO DUST NO RUST

INTERNATIONAL
STOCK
FOOD

Keeps horses, cows, sheep and pigs in such prime condition, because it is composed of the same herbs, roots, seeds, and bark that these animals eat freely when running wild. We grind these medicinal substances to a fine powder, mix them thoroughly and give them to you at their best, in International Stock Food.

This is why a tablespoonful of International Stock Food with the regular grain feeds up the system of horses, gives them new life, and a glossy coat of hair. It is the best thing you can give a horse for indigestion, liver trouble, coughs, influenza, hide, scabs or blood trouble. International Stock Food is equally good for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. It keeps the system in a healthy condition and promotes rapid growth. For sale by dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, Ont., Can.

Out of the Mouth of Babies

A clergyman famous for his begging abilities was once catechizing a Sunday school. When comparing himself as pastor of the church to a shepherd, and his congregation to the sheep he put the following question to the children: What does the shepherd do for the sheep?

To the confusion of the minister a small boy in the front pew piped out: Shears them!

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

He Had It in Him

Children, said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, you should not attempt any flights of fancy. Do not imitate any other person's writings nor draw inspiration from outside sources.

As a result of this advice one bright lad turned in the following: We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner.

An Exceedingly Polite Man

Two men were talking about politeness in public when one of them said:

Well, President Taft is the most polite man in the world.

How is that? asked his companion.

Why I was on the street car in Cincinnati one day before Taft became President, and some ladies came in and Judge Taft gave him sent to three of them.

The Worth of an Antique

An old lady was searching in the dim bric-a-brac shop for something odd to take home with her. Finally she noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter at the farthest end of the room. She turned to the clerk and said: "What's that queer old Japanese idol over there worth?"

The clerk answered in a subdued tone: "About fifty thousand dollars Ma'am. That's the proprietor."

They had broken a wishbone together. What was it you wished? laughed she.

I wished that you'd let me kiss you; Now tell me your wish, said he.

Her eyes fell—she paused a moment. While her blushes deepened grew.

My wish was, she prettily stammered, That what you wished would come true.

Easy Mark

Madge—I hear he's very sweet on you.

Marjorie—Rather! He's good for about two pounds of candy every week.

Putting Off the Ev. Hour

A young lawyer was defending an old convict on the charge of burglary in a State where the court rules allowed each side one hour to address the jury. The young lawyer, somewhat nervous, consulted a veteran member of the bar who happened to be standing near: How much time do you think I should take up in addressing the jury? he asked in a rather pompous manner.

Take the full hour, was the gruff reply.

But why?

Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail.

GOT CORNS?

Foolish to keep them if you have. No fun in corns, is there? But plenty of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Don't you want to get a quick crop? You can by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor; its name tells its story. Price 25c., all druggists.

The Difference

Harvey, aged five, was being instructed by his grandmother in morals. She told him that all such terms as 'by golly,' 'by jingo,' 'by thunder,' were only little oaths, and but little better than the profanities.

You can always tell an oath, my boy, she said, by the prefix 'by.' All such are oaths.

Well, then, Grandma, asked the young hopeful, is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?

No, Harvey, replied Grandma; that's frequently only lying.

Miller's Worm Powders purge the stomach and intestines of worms effectively and so easily and painlessly that the most delicate stomach will not feel any inconvenience from their action. They recommend themselves to mothers as a preparation that will restore strength and vigor to their children and protect them from the debilitating effects which result from the depredations of worms.

Stingy

Even after we are married, wooed the ardent lover, I shall always be close to you.

And how was.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

When the butcher answered the telephone the shrill voice of a little girl greeted him.

Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?

Yes, Basile, he answered kindly, what can I do for you?

Oh, Mr. Wilson, please let me where Grandpa's liver is. The folks are out and I've got to put a hot fannel on it and I don't know where it is.

Facts in Nature

FOR centuries it has been known that Nature's most valuable health giving agents for the cure of disease are found in our American forests. Over forty years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N.Y., used the powdered extracts as well as the liquid extracts of native medicinal plants, such as Bloodroot and Queen's root, Golden Seal and Stone root, Cherry bark and Mandrake, for the cure of blood diseases. This prescription as put up in liquid form was called

DR. PIERCE'S

Golden Medical Discovery

and has enjoyed a large sale for all these years in every drug store in the land. You can now obtain the powdered extract in sugar-coated tablet form of your medicine dealer, or send 50c in one-cent postage stamps for trial box to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y., and tablets will be mailed, postage prepaid.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, red blood, invigorates the stomach, liver and bowels and through them the whole system. Cures affections, blotches, boils, pimples and eruptions—removes all bad humors—eradicates by this alternative extract—as thousands have testified.

Send 50 one-cent stamps to any post office, or mail only on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to your medicine dealer.

ADDRESS DR. R. V. PIERCE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

JUDICIAL SALE OF FARM LANDS

Pursuant to judgement and final order for sale in an action by the Mortgage Company of Canada against R. Clyde Johnson, et al, there will be offered for sale by public auction with the approbation of the Judge or Master of the Supreme Court of Alberta, subject to the conditions and reservations contained in the grant from the Crown, or in the existing Certificate of Title by Geo. B. Sexsmith, Auctioneer, at the post office in the Town of Didsbury, Alberta, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., on Saturday the 28th day of February, A.D. 1914.

The south west quarter of Section Nine (9), Township Thirty-one (31), Range Twenty-six (26), west of the Fourth Meridian.

The vendor is informed that the property is situated within thirteen miles of the Town of Aene and one and one-half miles from a school. The soil is of a fair character for agricultural purposes. There are no improvements on the lands.

The purchaser is at the time of sale to pay down a deposit of ten per cent. of the purchase price to the Vendor's solicitors and the balance is to be paid into Court within sixty days, without interest. The sale is subject to a reserve bid. In all other respects the terms and conditions of the sale will be the standing conditions of the Supreme Court of Alberta, as approved by the Master in Chambers.

Further particulars can be obtained from Messrs. Hyndman, Hyndman, Milner & Matheson, Barristers, Edmonton, Alberta.

Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this 30th day of January, A.D. 1914.

(Signed) ALEX. TAYLOR,
Clerk of the Supreme Court.

Will Build Co.-Operative Store

The meeting of the U.F.A. held in town on Monday afternoon was very largely attended by the farmers of the district, and the matter of building an elevator was discussed in all its bearings but it was finally decided that they would not go into the elevator business. The matter of starting a co-operative store was then discussed, and the feeling was almost unanimous that the farmers should take up this matter. A strong executive committee of well known farmers was then formed as follows: Messrs. P. P. Dick, N. Clarke, C. F. Rennie, E. Parker, J. Hoosgood and J. Bellamy. The executive will meet on Saturday afternoon at Rugby, and in town a week from next Monday.

After a short discussion of other matters pertaining to the farmers welfare the meeting adjourned.

Will Rebuild Block by May 1

The first definite move has been made to rebuild the stores in the blocks recently burned down by the Great West Saddlery Co. of Calgary, who owned the lot occupied by the old harness store. Mr. J. M. Hysmith, who is running the harness business in town, received a letter from the Company last week stating that arrangements had been made to erect a two storey brick building on their property, the same to be completed by May 1st.

ESTRAY

One sorrel horse, light face, branded W on left shoulder. Both hind legs are white. Came to my place about four weeks ago. Apply to Miss WELLEN, Cremona.

The DIDSBURY PIONEER

Published at Didsbury, Alta.

SUBSCRIPTION: One Dollar per year in advance. All arrears of six months or more will be at the rate of \$1.50 per year. To U. S. \$1.50 per year. Advertising rates quoted on application.

H. E. OSMOND, Proprietor.

School Report for January

Grade XI, Literature—Nora Moore 99, Hazel Crowe 94, (Hulda Wiegand, Lulu Shantz 90), Marcella Moon 89, Herb Liesemer 86.

Grammar, X—(Chas. Finley, Ruby Weber 100), (Jack Robertson, Wayne Mowers 96), (Lorenza Mjolsness 84, (Wallace Hughes, Ralph Wilson 76), (Ed. Pirie, Jon Bates 74), (Merle Eubank, Emily Moyle 66), (Geo. Sexsmith, Goldwin Liesemer 46), (Clarence Anderson 36; Laurence McNaughton 34.

Grammar, IX—(Hazel Bates, Mary Hughes 100), Cecil Studer 86, Cleota Crowe 84, Wm. Mueller 76, (Peter Wood, Clara Henderson 70), Jas. Rupp, 66, Anna Mueller 50, Stanley Hardy 48, R. McNaughton 40, Mary Osmond 36, Laura Kent 30, Lisle Hickey 00.

Geography, IX—Ruby McNaughton 98, (James Rupp, Cecil Studer 96), (Peter Wood, Lisle Hickey 94), (Stanley Hardy, Wm. Mueller 90), Anna Mueller 88, Mary Hughes 86, (Hazel Bates, Laura Kent 82), Cleota Crowe 80, (Clara Henderson, Mary Osmond 70), Floyd Gabel 62.

Geography, X—Jack Robertson 98, Goldwin Liesemer 97, Clarence Anderson 94, Ed. Pirie 92, Ruby Weber 90, Chas. Finley 88, (John Bates, Merle Eubank 84), Wayne Mowers, 82, Wallace Hughes 80, Geo. Sexsmith 76, Ralph Wilson 72, Emily Moyle 70, Lorenza Mjolsness 60, Laurence McNaughton 56.

Grade VIII, Geography—Harold Reiber 88, Ellis Barnes 82, Fred Osmond 80, Dan Martin 70, R. Pirie 65, (Verna Wiegand, Vear Wood 62.) Vic-

let Herber 60, Bessie Moyle 56, Esther Mjolsness 46, Marjorie Atkins 44, Pearl Mortimer 40.

Grade VIII, English Grammar—Vear Wood 96, E. Barnes 88, (Violet Herber, Harold Reiber 66), Verna Wiegand 58, Fred Osmond 52, Bessie Moyle 50, Pearl Mortimer 42, (Marjorie Atkins, Dan Martin 36), Esther Mjolsness 18.

Give That Puny Child This Guaranteed Remedy

If your child is under-weight, listless, illing, liable to get sick easily, it needs a medicine to build its weight and strength. For this purpose there is nothing else we know of that we can so strongly endorse as Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion. The remarkable success of this splendid medicine is due to the fact that it contains ingredients that tone the nerves, enrich the blood and furnish to the entire system the strength, weight and health-building substances it needs. And, it does all this without injuring the stomach. In fact, Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion is not only pleasant to take, but even the most sensitive stomach is benefited by it, and the digestion improved. On the other hand, it contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs, which most parents object to giving their children. It does its good work by taking hold of the weakness and builds the body up to its natural strength, at the same time making it strong to resist disease.

If Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion doesn't build your child up, feed the stunted, puny muscles, and make the little one lively, strong, well, and full of the animal spirits children are meant by nature to have, come back and tell us and get your money back. We don't want you to lose a cent. We think this is no more than fair, and it leaves you no cause to hesitate. For old people also—for convalescents—for all who are nervous, tired-out, run down, no matter what the cause—we offer Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion with the same guarantee of entire satisfaction or money back. Sold only at the 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. \$1.00. H. W. Chambers, Didsbury.

Neapolis Store Burned Down

Fire again visited the Didsbury district on Tuesday morning when the Neapolis store, post office and creamery, which is located about twelve miles east of Didsbury, were totally demolished by fire caused by an over heated stovepipe.

Mr. A. T. Prout, the owner, managed to save a little of his furniture. Mrs. Prout, who had just undergone an operation for appendicitis, was carried to the residence of Mr. Reynolds, who lives on the Stuart farm, and suffered somewhat from the shock.

The stock and contents were insured for \$5,000 and buildings about \$800 put on by Reed Bros., and Paton.



King Hiram Lodge No. 21, A.F. & A.M. Meets every Tuesday evening on or before full moon. All visiting brethren welcome.

P. R. REED, Secretary. JOHN NIXON, W. M.



DIDSBURY LODGE NO. 18, I.O.O.F. Meets in Fraternity Hall, Didsbury, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting Oddfellows always welcome. J. SINCLAIR, N. G. S. R. WOOD, Sec.

C. L. PETERSON Conveyancer, Accountant

Real Estate and Insurance. Notary Public. Justice of the Peace. Official Auditor. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Didsbury - - - Alberta.

H.S. Patterson, B.A., LL.B. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

MONEY TO LOAN on town and improved farm properties. Office—Over Union Bank of Canada Block. Didsbury - - - Alberta.

Dr. A. J. Weart, M.D., C.M. Physician, Surgeon

Graduate Toronto University. Office and residence one block west of Union Bank. Didsbury - - - Alberta.

DR. W. G. MOORE, Honorary Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Calls Promptly Attended To Dentistry a Specialty Didsbury - - - Alberta.

Wm. McCARTHY Licensed Auctioneer

If you intend having a sale this winter, give me a call and I will endeavor to give satisfactory terms. Call, telephone or write J. R. MOON. Didsbury - - - Alberta.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at the office of any Local Agent of Dominion Lands (not sub-agent), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required in every case, except when residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Six months residence in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and 50 acres extra cultivation. The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land after report by Homestead Inspector on application for patent.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. —37085.

For Beautifying Your Hair

The Ladies in this Town are Simply Going Wild over Harmony Hair Beautifier. And no wonder, because to make the hair lustrous, soft and silky we believe there's nothing else—and we sell about all the various hair preparations made—that anywhere near comes up to Harmony Hair Beautifier.

Ask any one of the many women in this town who use it—she'll tell you she "loves" it. Just look at her hair, and you'll come to us and get some yourself.

HARMONY HAIR BEAUTIFIER

Is just what its name implies.—Just to make the hair glossy, lustrous, more beautiful.—Just to make it easier to dress, and more natural to fall easily and gracefully into the wavy lines and folds of the coiffure.

It leaves a delightful fresh and cool effect, and a lingering, delicate perfume. Will not change or darken the color. Contains no oil; therefore doesn't leave the hair sticky or stringy. Simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it. But first, make sure that your hair and scalp are clean, by using

Harmony Shampoo

—A liquid shampoo to keep the hair clean, soft, smooth and beautiful. It gives an instantaneous, rich, foaming lather, penetrating to every part of the hair and scalp. It is washed off just as quickly, the entire operation taking only a few moments. It leaves no lumps or stickiness.—Just a refreshing sense of cool, sweet cleanliness.—Just a dainty, pleasant and clean fragrance.

—Both in odd-shaped ornamental bottles, with sprinkler tops.
Harmony Hair Beautifier, \$1.00. Harmony Shampoo, 50c.
Both are guaranteed to please you, or your money back.

These Stage Beauties Endorse Them

There is no class of women who know better how to discriminate in the use of things to make them more beautiful than actresses. Among the many celebrated stage beauties who use and enthusiastically praise both Harmony Hair Beautifier and Harmony Shampoo are:

ETHEL BARRYMORE
Star in "Tess," Empire Theater, New York.

ELSIE FERGUSON
Star in "A Strange Woman," Lyceum, New York.

LOUISE DRESSER
Star in "Potash and Perimeter," G. M. Cohen Theater, New York.

LAURETTE TAYLOR
Star in "Fog o' My Heart," Cort Theater, New York.

NATALIE ALT
Star in "Adèle," Longacre Theater, New York.

ROSE COGHILLAN
Star in "Fine Feathers," now touring the United States.

Sold only at the more than 7000 Juncos Stores.

Ours is the Juncos Store in this Town

H. W. CHAMBERS
Osler Street - - - DIDSBURY



AN INFERNAL MACHINE

It Excited a Commotion, but Did Not Go Off

By GROVER J. GRIFFIN

"Captain," said the third officer of the ocean liner Tartaric, saluting his chief, "the baggage-master reports a box in the hold in which there is some mechanical contrivance that ticks."

"Well, what of it?"

"There was talk of anarchists blowing up the ship before we left. I should suppose that in view of such talk it might be well to examine the box with a view to discovering if it contains an infernal machine."

"Where is the box now?"

"In the hold."

"Get it up into the baggage room, and I'll have a look at it."

Later Captain Chambliss inspected the box. It was rectangular in shape, about two feet long by eighteen inches broad and deep. On the cover was the name Ethan B. Jenkins.

"Who's Mr. Jenkins?" asked the captain.

Nobody knew.

"Send for the purser."

The purser came, and the captain asked him if there was a passenger aboard of the name of Jenkins. The purser said there was and dispatched a steward to look for him and send him to the baggage room. Mr. Jenkins was a dapper little man, who looked no more like an anarchist than a Hottentot.

"What's in the box?" asked the captain.

"Articles picked up abroad intended as presents for my friends."

"Is there a clock in it?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Listen."

All were silent, and the ticking was distinctly heard by all. A great change came over the face of Mr. Jenkins. He looked terror-stricken. He seemed to be thinking hard for a few moments; then, thrusting his hand into his breast coat pocket, he drew out an envelope and,



"GOODBY, MY FRIENDS," HE SAID.

taking out a letter, read it hastily and handed it to the captain. It was as follows:

Mr. Jenkins, I am employed in the packing room of the house of De Four Freres. I am a member of an anarchist circle and have been ordered to pack an infernal machine in a box to be shipped to America. Yesterday I placed one among articles bought by you of this house. The mechanism is set to explode the bomb in four days. The thought of causing the destruction of hundreds of persons has pained me. I am horrified at what I have done and write this letter that you may avoid the consequences of my act. Do not attempt to open the box. If you are at sea throw it overboard. I leave De Four Freres at once and cannot be found.

There was no signature to the letter nor anything by which the anarchist could be identified, for it had been written and addressed by a typewriter. "Why did you not take action to get rid of the thing at once?" inquired the captain sternly.

"I thought it was a hoax. My nephew, Charlie Burns, is always playing practical jokes on me, and I had no doubt that this was one of them."

"Heave the thing overboard at once!" cried the captain.

"Not on your life!" retorted the

owner. "There are things in that box which I would not take thousands of dollars for. What need for hurry? The letter says the machine is set to fire the bomb in four days. This is only the third day."

"I don't care if it's only the first," snapped the captain. "I'm not going to endanger the ship and those aboard by carrying an infernal machine. Take it out and heave it overboard, I say."

"I protest in presence of the persons present that if you do I'll hold the company for damages. There is no necessity to send such valuable property to the bottom. In the first place, as you already know, the machine is set to go off in four days from the date it was packed. It was packed the day we sailed; therefore it will not explode till we are near the American coast. I'm not sure it will explode at all. It may be that it's a joke perpetrated by that fellow Burns after all. If so he wouldn't hesitate to put a clock in the box to make it worse. I wish I had him here now to punch his head. This isn't the first time he's caused me trouble by his pranks."

"What do you propose?" asked the captain. "If you think the matter a hoax you'd better open the box and find out whether it is or not."

"And blow up your ship as well as myself if it's a real infernal machine?"

The captain evidently had not thought of that. He looked confused.

"I tell you what you do, captain," continued Jenkins. "Tow it."

The captain looked relieved. He told the purser to take down a list of the articles in the box from the owner, with their values, so that in case the box were lost the amount of claim would be limited. But he did not want to have this done before getting rid of the box. He directed one of the crew to carry it to the upper deck, where the lifeboats were swung on the davits, and put it in one of the lockers intended for provisions, wedging it so that it would not slide about with the motion of the waves. This was done. The boat was lowered, a cable attached to her bow, and she was suffered to drift a hundred yards astern.

While this was being done the captain gave orders that what was in the boat, or rather what was supposed to be in the boat, be confined to those who were in the baggage room when the matter was discussed. He did not consider that a bomb a hundred yards away from the ship could endanger her.

The Tartaric sighted Fire Island on the fourth day out. She was twelve knots east of Montauk point just before daylight on the morning of the fifth day. A man stood on the after deck of the ship, where the cable that towed the lifeboat was attached. He tied loosely to the rope a pair of oars, which drifted back to the lifeboat. Then he fixed to the rope a clutch with handles like those of a pair of tinner's shears. Grasping the handles, he swung himself off the stern and let himself down slowly till he reached the water. The pressure against him exerted by the headway of the ship was so great that he would not have been able to maintain his hold had it not been for this clutch. By its use he let himself be slowly forced backward till he reached the lifeboat and pulled himself up by the cable on to its bow.

Once in the boat he cast an eye to the westward, where shone a light, which he recognized as one on Montauk point. Taking from the bow the oars he had sent before him, he put them in the boat. Then he cast off and was left astern. As the dark body of the Tartaric grew darker in the distance he smiled and raised his hat to her.

"Goodby, my friends," he said. "I think I can now get on without your valuable assistance."

Taking the box from the locker in which it had been placed, he ripped it open with a screwdriver he drew from his pocket, took out a clock, which he threw overboard, and a small package, which he concealed in a pocket of his flannel shirt. Then, beginning to shiver with the cold, he took up the oars and pulled for the light on Montauk point.

By this time a streak of gray light appeared in the east end, in due time the sun came up, but the man in the boat did not need its warmth to dry his clothes, for the heat of his body, kept up by the exercise of rowing, had already done that. He was making slow progress, for one man pulling on to large a boat could not move it rapidly. However, by 9 o'clock in the morning he was but half a dozen miles from the Long Island coast, and, a motorboat passing him, he made a bargain with the man running her to take him ashore.

Once on terra firma, leaving his boat hauled up on a beach, he started inland till he came to a town, where he hired a horse and buggy to carry him to the northern coast of the island. There he chartered a motorboat to take him across the sound to Saybrook, where he boarded a Long Island east-bound train for Boston. Arriving there in the afternoon, he purchased clothing and, dropping into a diamond denier's, took from his pocket the package he had taken from the box supposed to contain the infernal machine, unwrapped it and displayed a dozen enormous

diamonds. Before leaving the shop he sold a number of them to the dealer and early the next morning parted with the rest of his stock, realizing a handsome profit between what the stones had originally cost him at the diamond mines and what he received for them. He had reached the end of a series of brilliant impostures to defraud the customs.

On the morning of the day the Tartaric arrived in port an officer announced to the captain that the lifeboat astern was missing. The captain, surprised, asked if the owner of the box had been notified, and, on being told that he had not, a steward was sent to find him. Later the messenger returned to say that Mr. Jenkins was missing. The captain looked astonished; then a light broke in upon his brain.

"A smuggling dodge!" he exclaimed. "Keep it from the inspectors."

Before the Tartaric sailed again her captain had been notified that a lifeboat with his ship's name on the bow was lying on a beach on the eastern end of Long Island. He gave orders to have it shipped by water to New York, but asked no questions as to how it came there.

His Explanation.

A milkman in a country town not far from New York was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with a most serious offense, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?"

"Well, your worship," answered the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."—Harper's Weekly.

At a Pink Tea.

"What a perfectly lovely little town is this! I'm visiting Mrs. Wilkins, you know. I don't believe I had been here a day or more before everybody tried to outdo the other in making me feel at home. Wasn't that your experience when you first arrived?"

"Well, I'm afraid I can't!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm so sorry. For the moment I forgot. You're the new minister's wife, aren't you?"—St. Louis Republic.

Not the Same.

They were strolling through the woodland.

"Yes," the youthful professor was saying, "it is a very simple matter to tell the various kinds of trees by the bark."

She gazed at him soulfully.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And can you—er—tell the various kinds of dogs that way?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Breaking His Promise.



"All the same, you promised mother that you'd never let a cloud come between us."—Pele Mele.

Lucky Survivor.

Dora—That charming Miss Peach seems to have quite a number of eligible young men in her train.

Dick—Yes. And one of these days there's going to be a smashup to that train, with only one survivor.—Exchange.

Gymnastic Stunt.

Barbour—You seem warm. Have you been exercising?

Waterman—Yes, indeed. I went to the mutes' dance and swung dumb bells around all evening.—Michigan Gargoyle.

A Wireless Club.

The first "wireless" club in Britain has been established at Sale, near Manchester, and meetings are held every night. Members while in meeting tap the world's news and receive all sorts of items from land and sea. There are seventeen members, and each is the licensed owner of a wireless installation. "In respect of all messages picked up by wireless we are pledged to secrecy," said a member. "We are also not allowed to use the commercial wave. We send out a shorter length."

Was Beam in Bishop's Eye.

There have been many quiet chuckles during the last few days at the expense of Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London. He strongly objects to long-haired beards on the part of students, and has told them that if they do not trim them they will be expelled. Instead of two addresses at confirmation services. "I think," he said, "we shall speak for forty minutes."

PAINTING THE LOCK GATES.

This Was One of the Difficult Problems of the Panama Canal.

One of the most important of the questions that presented themselves in the construction of the Panama canal was that of a suitable means of preserving from corrosion the structural steel of the lock gates, valves, etc. These will be exposed to the action either of salt water or of fresh water highly charged with decaying vegetable matter, at comparatively high temperatures and often swiftly running.

They will be accessible for inspection and repair only at long intervals. The lock gates, which represent over 60,000 tons of structural steel, have exterior surfaces of over 1,000,000 square feet, will have portions of their structures continuously immersed, other portions will be alternately immersed and exposed to the air, and still others will be exposed to the air continually.

The interior surfaces of the lock gate structures will be subject to moisture of condensation and leakage and will be at high temperatures. These interior surfaces, which have a total superficial area, including stiffeners, etc., of over 3,000,000 square feet, will be accessible with difficulty, and repainting will be effected only at great expense and inconvenience.

It is doubtful if, in the present state of knowledge of the art, it will be possible to prevent wasting away by corrosion of this steel, except at the expense of comparatively frequent repainting.

It should be said, however, that the class of protective paint adopted by the engineers for the interiors of the lock gates is unquestionably the most efficient for the purpose that the present knowledge of the art affords, although this same material probably would not give satisfaction if used on surfaces exposed even intermittently to sunlight and open air.—Henry Williams in Engineering Magazine.

THE NEWEST ART SCHEME.

Change the Light and You Change the Picture or Design.

A graduate of the Moscow School for Painting, Sculpture and Architecture has invented a unique artistic device, which may be used with much effect on the stage and perhaps can be utilized for the home. "His invention renders it possible to paint several different scenes on one canvas. When the light on the stage is changed the decorations also change."

A panel was exhibited at the Moscow Artistic theater which represented a scene with beautiful autumn tints in the red light of a sunset. The light was then changed and the scenery changed at the same time, and a nymph was discovered in front of a tree, bathed in moonlight.

The invention is based on the physical law concerning the complementary colors of the spectrum. It is claimed that wall paper printed by this method is one color in daytime, different during twilight and changes again by moon or lamplight. The changes can be brought about by switching electric lights.—From a Consular Report.

Honoring a Poet.

A bronze bust of Madison Cawein, the Kentucky poet, was recently unveiled in the public library of his native city, Louisville. Speaking of Mr. Cawein and his work, William Dean Howells, our dean of American letters, says, "He has the gift, in a measure surpassed by no poet, of touching some smallest or commonest thing in nature and making it live from the manifold associations in which we have our being and glow thereafter with an indistinguishable beauty."

Roller Skating in Vienna.

No roller skating in the streets of Vienna. The edict, according to a letter from that city, will be rigidly enforced. The police authorities in answer to a plea from the children, stated that "the objection of one householder in a street is sufficient to banish skaters from that thoroughfare, and as there is undoubtedly one person in every street who would exercise the prerogative of skating must reinstate a ring amusement."—New York Tribune.

A Neglected Monument.

Overgrown with small palms and other tropical vegetation is the monument to Magellan on the island of Mata, in the Philippines, where he was killed in 1521 by the hostile natives. The monument was erected many years ago on the spot where he was slain, but the island is not much visited, and the monument, especially in the years since American occupation of the islands, has become quite in need of repair.

Times Have Changed.

"Do you remember when the people demanded specie payment?" asked those days ago, "everybody had money."—Washington Star.

Ideas must work through the brain and the arms of good men before they are any better than dreams.

FACING TORTURES.

The Sublime Courage Shown by an American Indian.

WILLING TO DIE FOR ANOTHER.

Story of a Dramatic Episode in Which the Iowa and Musquakie Tribes—Figured—Heroism That Won the Admiration of the Enemy.

A striking story of the courage and self-sacrifice of which the American Indian at his best is capable is given by O. H. Mills in the Des Moines Register and Leader. It was told to the white men by the famous Sac chief, Black Hawk, who himself saw the incident.

It all began with an unfortunate quarrel between an Iowa and a Musquakie, in which the latter killed the former and then in a moment of frenzy scalped his victim. The two tribes were at peace, and this act, allowable only in time of war, was, in Indian eyes, an intolerable breach of good faith.

The Musquakies offered all sorts of reparation, but the Iowas would accept nothing but the person of the offender, to be tortured and put to death in propitiation of the outraged spirit of the dead man. To this the Musquakies agreed on condition that the culprit be given a month to fortify himself for his terrible ordeal. But just as the month was about to expire he fell ill with a raging fever. In that condition he could not be carried across the prairie, but a failure to produce him at the appointed place would arouse the suspicions and perhaps the hostility of the Iowas.

A council was called to debate the matter, before which appeared Cono, a brother of the sick man. "There are no squaw men in our family," he declared. "I will go in his place."

The others tried to dissuade him and described to him the tortures he would have to undergo, but he insisted upon making the sacrifice. Accordingly an escort was selected to accompany him, at the head of which Black Hawk, then a young but widely respected chief, was placed.

"I never saw a more pathetic scene," said Black Hawk, "than the parting of Cono and his father and mother and other relatives. The whole tribe was overwhelmed with gloom."

In the middle of the afternoon the party arrived at the Iowas' village. Cono had asked that his identity should not be disclosed, but one of the Iowas who was present at the time the young Indian was slain saw that the guilty party was not being delivered, and Black Hawk told the whole story. The Iowas accepted it as true and, after a brief council, consented to the arrangement. The death circle was staked out and patrolled with armed guards, and Cono was placed in its center, while his escort was entertained in the tepee of the chief. It was a chill November day, and the sun was just sinking behind the cliffs of the Des Moines river when the escort left the camp.

They paused on a hill about a half mile distant from the camp. They could see that the fires had been lighted round the death circle, and in the hush of the evening came the plaintive sound of Cono chanting his death song.

Having traveled some two hours, they halted and made camp. About midnight they heard the clatter of horses' feet, and in a moment more a single horseman rode up. It was Cono! This was his remarkable story:

The fires of the death circle were burning brightly, and the Iowas with their burning sticks were preparing to make the first attempt to extort a cry of pain and agony, when an old man, the father of the dead Indian, raised his voice:

"Stop!" he said. "Let me speak. I am the one that has suffered. My son was killed and scalped by a Musquakie. I was hungry for revenge, and were the one that killed and scalped him here I would shout with joy at his torture. But this young man is brave. Never have I seen such bravery before. He is too good a man to torture and kill. Release him and let him return to his own people."

Although the entire village a few hours before had been eager for revenge, there was a murmur of approval as the old man gathered his blanket about him and took his seat. Without any one's making a single objection, Cono was removed from the circle and given food and drink. A few hours later he was led from the camp, allowed to mount his own pony and depart in peace.

The Oldest Almanac.

The oldest almanac in existence is probably the "Almanach National de la France," which first appeared in 1662 and has been issued fairly regularly ever since. It began with a modest forty-eight pages, but the present issue boasts over 1,600. Next in point of age ranks the "Almanach de Göttingen," with a record of 150 years' continuous publication.

The Blackbird

A Mystery Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The manager of the Sloan Detective Agency pressed a button as he hung up the telephone receiver.

"Send Birch in," he ordered as a shock-headed office boy appeared.

"Yes, sir."

Almost instantly the door opened to admit a broad shouldered young man, alert of manner, with keen gray eyes and resolute mouth.

"You wish to see me, Mr. Sloan?" he asked.

The other nodded. "Sit down there. I say, Bob, there's been another one of those confounded murders. It's Hinman, the banker, this time."

"Josiah Hinman?" Birch's eyebrows went up. "Our greatest philanthropist and the most harmless of men! What are the details, sir?"

"Oh, same as the other three. He was found murdered in his bed this morning. Doors of the house locked, no signs of windows being tampered with, servants all old retainers, not an enemy in the world that we know about, and yet found dead by his valet."

"How was it done?"

"In just the same manner as Flickinger, the railroad king, and Benson, who was, as you remember, Flickinger's right hand man—stabbed through the heart with a dagger of foreign make. I'm going up there, and I want you to come on with me."

"You know I'd like nothing better," returned the other eagerly. "Mr. Hinman was very kind to me when I was a boy. He gave me my first chance in the world."

"I know. He's helped a lot of other people too. He was a fine old chap."



SAW FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST.

Funny how they've picked out three men all interested in the L. B. M. railroad. I've no doubt the same gang turned the three tricks."

"There wasn't a clew in the other two cases," mused Birch as the manager's automobile stopped before a handsome stone house on the finest avenue of the small city.

In five minutes they were in the death chamber of the mansion and Sloan was rapping out questions to the agitated valet faster than the man could find replies. When the interview was concluded they were not much wiser than before.

"I have not touched a thing, nor has the doctor," ended Blunt tearfully. "He must have been asleep, for the papers were folded on the bedside table, as was his custom, and the light was out, although the murderer might have done that."

"Very true," said Sloan. "Now, my man, if you will leave us alone."

Blunt went out and closed the door, and the two detectives were left alone in the room from which Mr. Hinman's body had been removed a short while after their arrival. The two men had diligently searched the luxurious apartment and after that every room in the house, and now they stood silently regarding the only clew at hand.

The slender, blood stained dagger.

"What data have you concerning the Flickinger and the Benson cases?" asked Sloan.

Birch referred to his memorandum book.

"The most important is that I learned that four men who had been discharged by the railroad company had threatened harm to Mr. Flickinger and his secretary. I could find no trace of these men. It was said that one of them was really a titled foreigner down on his luck, that he had passed through all the phases of good and bad fortune and he had failed to make good."

"I guess he's the man we're after," said Sloan. "What name?"

"Van Benjidek."

"You've searched every room in the house, Birch?"

"Yes, and had a man to take records of all finger prints. I say every room in the house. There's one place I've been through, and I've a notion to go there again. Come with me."

Sloan followed Birch through the hall and up a flight of stairs to the third floor, where there were several bedrooms and a billiard room under the mansard roof. From the passage a door led into an open attic that ran across the back of the house. A window at the back overlooked the wing containing the servants' quarters, and overhead was a trapdoor leading to the roof. A narrow ladder led to the trapdoor.

From the doorway where they stood they could see that the dust of the floor was untracked near the window, and any hope that the murderer might have gained the roof of the wing and entered the house by the attic window was at once dispelled.

Suddenly Birch touched his chief's arm.

"Look there, sir!" he whispered.

Sloan bent his keen eyes to the floor and saw the trace of footprints in the dust. Some one had passed from the ladder to the passageway and gone back again. Instantly Birch had made a detour so as not to disturb the tell-tale marks with his own boots and he was up the ladder and was lifting the trapdoor.

"Unfastened, sir," he reported; "evidently pried up from the roof—lock broken."

He passed up on to the roof, and Sloan followed.

The large expanse of flat, tiled roof was surrounded by a fanciful iron railing. In one place the railing had disappeared. There was a gap of perhaps fifteen feet. Birch crept to the edge of the roof and peered over.

"Funny thing," he commented; "that iron railing is down on the ground there—looks as though it had recently fallen. Let's have Blunt up here." He fetched the valet, and the two detectives pointed out the broken railing to the astonished servant.

"But, sir," he protested. "I am sure it was not broken yesterday, because the gardener would have removed it. He cut the grass yesterday and cleaned up the yard thoroughly. You see, it has fallen directly underneath the library windows, and some of it sticks right up in the turf."

"You heard no sound in the night, you are sure?"

"I am sure, sir. I sleep in the wing yonder, and at the head of my bed is a bell that connects with Mr. Hinman's room. One of the servants in the house next door was coming home from a party very late last night or early this morning, and she declares she saw a big blackbird hovering over this house. She is very superstitious, sir, and I suppose she's imagined that since hearing of the murder."

"Very likely," said Sloan in a peculiar tone, and his eyes met those of his young assistant with a significant glance. "Thank you, Blunt. That will do for the present."

When the valet had disappeared down the trapdoor Birch dropped to his knees and made a searching examination of the roof. In the slight layer of dust some clew might be found.

"It's here, sir"—he looked up with a smiling face—"the tracks of the 'big blackbird.' And the discovery reveals how the other two murders were committed."

Sloan knelt down beside him and watched the movement of Birch's fingers as he pointed out the tracks made by the rubber tired landing wheels of an aeroplane. When the machine had made its departure it had carried away fifteen feet of the ornamental railing from the roof.

"Find a foreigner who answers to the description of Van Benjidek. If he is a skilled aviator he's your man," was Sloan's decision.

"You remember that the residence of Mr. Flickinger is of this same type—flat roof and so forth?" questioned Birch as they returned to the office.

"I remember, and I also recollect that Thomas Benson lived at the Hotel Butwell, and his room was in the annex, a flat roofed wing."

Once to the office Sloan picked up the afternoon edition of a New York newspaper. Suddenly he uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed to a glaring headline on the front page.

"You won't have to look any further, Birch! Your man's found and lost—gone to his reward! Listen to this: 'Another daring aviator met death early this morning in some unknown

manner. Rudolf Benjidek, well known as a fearless flier, was found crushed to death under the body of his heavy aeroplane on the grounds of the Broadbrook Country club. It is not known at what moment or under what circumstances Benjidek met his death, but it is supposed that he was trying out the big machine which he recently purchased. An investigation is being made into the matter."

Robert Birch had arisen and was buttoning his coat.

"I'll be there at that investigation," he said grimly.

Two days afterward he returned to the office with a chain of evidence that left no doubt that the unlucky aviator had been the murderer of the three men, whom he believed had worked him harm. The shoes he had worn corresponded in every detail with the footprints found in the attic of the Hinman house, and in his pockets were found not only Mr. Hinman's jewelry, but diamonds that were afterward identified as the property of James Flickinger.

There was nothing left to do in the matter. Retribution had overtaken the murderer before he could make use of his guilty gains. The "big blackbird" had proved a bird of evil omen to him.

India's Minerals.

The growing importance of the mineral industry of India is explained in the annual report of the director of the Geological Survey of India for 1912, which has just been issued.

The aggregate value of the mineral production of India in 1912 reached the large total of \$45,302,422, which represents an increase of \$6,513,945 over the figures of the preceding twelve months.

Coal is by far the most important mineral product of India. The value of the output of the coal fields in 1912 reached a total of \$16,088,374, which represents an advance of over thirty-two per cent. The aggregate output amounted to nearly 14,750,000 tons, which was almost sixteen per cent. more than the total of the previous year, and nearly 2,000,000 tons in advance of the output of the boom year, 1908, when the figure exceeded 12,750,000 tons, and the average price at the pit's mouth advanced to \$1.20.

Gold comes next to coal in the mining industries of India, and at a time when some of the gold fields of the world report a diminishing output it is interesting to note in India an advance of \$163,602, or one and five-tenths per cent. in the production of the Indian mines. The advance is not very large, but the aggregate yield of the fields reached the total of \$11,040,977.

Actor Who Wants to Farm.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle, the young romantic actor, who has made yet another step forward with his performance of Valentine Brown in "Quality Street," is not by any means infatuated by the glamour of the stage. Despite his exceptional success, he said to a friend lately: "If I had my own way I should live always in the country. I should take a farm-house and go in for agriculture."

It is a curious commentary on human nature that most successful men imagine that they would like to have followed careers other than their own. Sir Charles Mathews wanted to be an actor. Mr. H. B. Irving wanted to be a barrister, and was called to the Bar. Mr. Lloyd George once had an ambition for the spiritual ministry rather than the political one. Miss Eva Moore wanted to be a teacher of physical culture to girls. Mr. Winston Churchill, like the Kaiser, has always had varied ambitions.—London Daily Mirror.

Mistook Their Purpose.

Mr. J. L. Toole, the great comedian, had a great antipathy to street music of any kind. About this there is a story told of him. The waits, one Christmas evening, played under his windows, greatly to his annoyance, and on Boxing Day they paid him a visit.

"We played under your window last night," said the spokesman of the party, when they were shown into his presence.

"Well, and what do you want?" quoth the comedian.

"We've come for our little gratuity."

"Come for a gratuity, have you?" exclaimed Mr. Toole. "Bless me! I thought you had come to apologize!"

Famous Christmas Trees.

The biggest private Christmas tree ever seen in Britain was one which the Duke of Norfolk had cut from his own estate and conveyed with much trouble to Arundel Castle. It stood 70 feet high, weighed nearly four tons, and bore on its branches presents to the value of \$4,500.

The Christmas tree which Queen Victoria gave soon after her marriage to the Prince Consort was 40 feet high, and its crop of gifts was valued at something like \$9,000.

Ready-Made Farms In Demand.

The "ready-made farm" idea, which has been in force for a short time by the New Brunswick Government, is showing satisfactory results from every standpoint. Over one hundred and thirty farms have been disposed of to actual settlers.

BOTH WERE DRAMATIC.

A Story of Frederick the Great and One of His Officers.

Frederick the Great had a strong sense of the dramatic. So had a certain lieutenant colonel in the Prussian army. Accordingly there is plenty of "plot" in the following story:

The officer, who had been discharged at the close of the Seven Years' war, importuned the king to be reinstated. Weary of the incessant solicitations of his troublesome visitor, Frederick at last gave orders that he should never be admitted to his presence.

Some weeks later a most bitter libel against his majesty appeared. Frederick seldom gave himself any concern about such pasquinades, but the present one exasperated him so much that he offered a reward of 50 Friedrichs of gold for the discovery of the author.

The day following the disgraced lieutenant colonel demanded and obtained an audience.

"Sir," he began, on being admitted, "your majesty has just promised 50 Friedrichs for the discovery of the author of a recent publication. I am come to claim the recompense. Behold in me the unfortunate libeler. My life I forfeit freely, but remember your royal pledge and, while you punish me, send to my poor wife and children the reward due to the informer."

The king, although struck with the sad extremity and self sacrifice of the officer, said sternly:

"Go instantly to the fortress of Spandau and there await my judgment."

"I obey," said the culprit; "but the money?"

"Within two hours your wife shall receive it," said the king. "Take this letter and give it to the commandant, but he must not open it until after dinner."

The lieutenant colonel arrived at Spandau and gave himself up as a prisoner. At the prescribed moment the commandant opened the royal mandate. It ran:

To the bearer I give the command of Spandau. I shall be with him in a few days. The present governor is to take the command of Berlin as a reward for past services. FREDERICK.

—Youth's Companion.

DISEASE GERMS STICK.

Hence It Is Almost Impossible to Have Really Clean Hands.

That the slovenly habits or ill health of the cooks and waiters who serve us in dining cars, hotels, restaurants and our own homes may be an even greater menace to our health than defective plumbing is the fact brought out by some interesting investigations made by Surgeon Cummins of the British army.

It used to be thought that if our servants' hands—and our own—were washed with reasonable frequency we were safe, but Dr. Cummins shows that even the most scrupulous cleansing will not relieve hands that have been in contact with disease germs from the liability of infecting others. In short, Dr. Cummins declares that so long as we live in this world of dirt and microbes our hands can never be really clean.

To prove his contention Dr. Cummins dipped the tip of his forefinger in a liquid containing millions of typhoid bacilli. The finger was next rinsed in an antiseptic solution, then in very cold water and then in water that was almost boiling. After all this cleansing it was washed in a small quantity of sterile water. This water when analyzed showed no less than 313 colonies of typhoid bacilli.

Not satisfied with this discouraging proof of the futility of clean hands, the doctor proceeded to soak his infected finger tip in pure alcohol. Then he washed it again in sterile water. This time the analysis of the water revealed four colonies of typhoid bacilli.

Another experiment made by Dr. Cummins was to rest a typhoid laden finger tip for just an instant on the surface of a bowl of soup. The soup was then allowed to stand for twenty-four hours. When finally analyzed it revealed nearly 40,000 typhoid bacilli to every cubic inch.—New York American.

Getting Ahead of Father.

"Pardon me, Mr. Brassey, but it is 11:30, and I am obliged to say good night."

"You consider 11:30 a late hour?"

"It isn't that so much, but father is lying awake upstairs trying to think of funny things to say about you—like 'Why didn't you ask him to stay to breakfast or bring in the milk or sweep off the porch?' and I'm not going to give him any such opportunity. Good night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What She Wanted.

Library Attendant—A foreign looking woman came in today and asked for "Cottage Cheese." Friend—Hal! Did she think the library was a grocery store? L. A.—No; after some questioning I found out that she wanted "Scottish Chiefs."—Boston Transcript.

Postcards.

Austria was the first country to adopt the system of postcards. This was in the year 1869.

EVENING COIFFURE.

The Smartest Thing Out For the Opera.



POIRET MANTLE AND HEADRESS.

The evening coiffure is not considered complete or smart this winter unless ornamented with an aligret or fancy mount of some kind. The higher the better is the slogan in some instances, while the other extreme is reached in the low Greek fillet and Juliet cap of pearls.

Poiret, that fantastic designer of women's apparel, is nothing if not bizarre, and his latest conception for evening wear is to be found in the mantle and headress pictured.

The mantle was inspired by the royal robes worn by the doges of Venice. The wrap is of red velvet, with stole and sleeves of spotless ermine. The truly remarkable headress is of pearls.

An Easily Made Maternity Gown

A maternity gown which is rapidly coming into favor because it is easily made as well as becoming and graceful is copied from the Babani robe. If the material chosen for the garment is very wide the gown may be cut in two pieces so that the seams shall join under each arm and up each sleeve as far as the shoulders where the edges button or hook over from front to back after the garment has been drawn on over the head.

Crape—silk or cotton—is an excellent material for the Babani maternity gown, as it is usually very wide and cuts to the very best advantage. Moreover, the fabric lends itself readily to stenciling, and there are innumerable charming designs which may be produced as a bordering for a skirt, the loose sleeves and the rounded out neck of the robe. Gold on blue, rose, green, brown or gray makes an effective bordering, and silver is lovely on black, mahogany, flame, maize or mauve.

The Babani does not literally drag upon the floor, but when the model is used for a maternity gown it is always better to have it long enough to entirely cover the feet, as otherwise it will tend its wearer an awkward appearance.

Pure White Bedspreads Fashionable

After all there are no bedspreads daintier than the pure white ones beloved by the old fashioned housekeeper. That—to quote our grandmothers—"no matter how old, they always look like new when freshly done up" is equally true of the white bedspreads to which young fashioned housekeepers are now pinning their faith. The most expensive sort of white washable spread is of satin finish linen damask, finished about the edges with embroidered wide scallops or deep points above which is a vine in finest hand embroidery.

Then there are the cotton poplins—firm and substantial of weave—that may be finished and decorated, similarly to the damask spreads, and 'no cotton crepes that are loved' when trimmed with bleached cluny edging. Enduring, if carefully handled, are the Swiss of St. Gall muslins edged with either cluny or valenciennes, but to the white launderable spread must needs be very inexpensive a really dainty one may be made of scrim, bordered with an a four headed wide hem.

WE EXPECT TO BE IN OUR

NEW BUILDING

By Saturday or the beginning
of next week

Our new store is located on Shantz Ave.
opposite Chambers Drug Store.

Ask for Piano Votes for every cent of your purchase

STUDER & CO.

The Farmer's Harness Store

ANNOUNCEMENT!

I have opened up a

HARNESS STORE AND WORK SHOP

Present location is on the E. B. Shantz farm, 3 miles west and 1 mile south of Carstairs. Phone: Farmers line B, short long short

The month of February is the right time to have your harness, halters, etc., repaired and ready for spring work. Repairing done on Thursday's, Friday's and Saturday's until further notice.

Owing to the fact that our expenses are very light we are in a position to supply you with all kinds of Harness and Saddlery Goods at **ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.**

Send along a trial order and we will "SHOW YOU" that we mean business. Bring along a wagon load of your old harness and have them repaired before the spring rush is on. We will repair them at prices that will make you come again.

We hope to see all our former customers again and any new ones who care to favor us with their patronage and we ensure one and all entire satisfaction.

E. B. SHANTZ, Salesman,
The Farmer's Harness Store

I AM OPEN FOR BUSINESS

in the south side of Mrs. Stevens Millinery Building three doors north of Post Office

with a clean new line of Candies of all kinds, including a choice selection of Moir's boxed goods, also Apples, Oranges and other seasonable fruits, Cigars, Cigaretts, Etc. These are all new and fresh. No old stock whatever.

I want your trade in my line and if honest goods, reasonable prices and fair and courteous treatment will win it, I intend to have it.

I have some odd ends in fancy goods, burnt leather and sporting goods which I must clear out quickly and I am pricing them to move.

Better drop in and get acquainted whether you want to buy or not. I am here to serve you right. Try me.

R. G. STEVENS

Fruits and Confectionery

DIDSBURY MARKETS

Steers, grain fed, live	\$6.25
Beef, corn fed, dressed	10.00
Veal, dressed	10.00
Hogs, live	7.50
Hogs, dressed	10.00
Bacon, No. 1, smoked	0.21
Hams, No. 1	0.21
Mutton, dressed	0.10
Chickens, spring dressed	0.12
Chickens, live	0.10
Fowl	0.08
Hides, green	0.03
Butter, choice	0.30
Eggs	0.35
Potatoes, bushel	0.35
Wheat, No. 1 red	0.70
Wheat, No. 1 white	0.70
Oats	0.24
Barley, No. 3	0.30
Rye	0.45
Hay, timothy	9.00
Hay, upland	6.00

BUSINESS LOCALS

3C A LINE IN ADVANCE IN THIS COLUMN

FOR SALE—Good fire wood, sawed in short lengths. Orders must be received before Saturday of each week. Price \$3.50 for double box load. Apply F. Munro and A. Nasse, Didsbury, Phone 115. 118c

FOR SALE—At Birchenoughs 1 1/2 miles N. W. of Robert Brown's, dry poplar \$1.50 per cord.

HAVE some British Columbia Fruit land to trade for quarter or half section of farm land. Apply with particulars, Box 1410, Calgary. pm4

TO RENT—J. L. Beane scales and office. R. B. Martin, Banff, Alta. 111c

R. B. MARTIN, Banff, wants quotations next Monday on 180 tons timothy and 200 tons prairie, at Alexandra hotel.

GOOD HOG FEED WANTED—Either wheat, rye or barley. Apply N. WICKER.

Stomach Health--- or no Cost to You

Very likely others have advised you to use Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, because scores of people in this community believe them to be the best remedy ever made for Dyspepsia and Indigestion. That is what we think, too, because we know what they have done for others and what they are made of. We have so much faith in them that we urge you to try them at our risk. If they don't help you, they won't cost you a cent. If they don't do all that you want them to do—if they don't restore your stomach to health and make your digestion easy—just tell us and we will give back your money without a word or question.

Containing Pepsin and Bismuth, two of the greatest digestive aids known to medical science, they soothe the inflamed stomach lining, help in the secretion of gastric juice, check heartburn and distress, promote regular bowel action, and make it possible for you to eat whatever you like whenever you like, with the comforting assurance that there will be no bad after effects. We believe them to be the best remedy made for dyspepsia and indigestion. Sold only at the more than 7000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only at our store. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. H. W. Chambers, Didsbury.

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We have quite a number of customers who are glad to give their names and testimonies if called for, to express their complete satisfaction of the

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